THE
NEON SUNSET
Now with 300% more ads!
Mornin' with Moniker!
Take your daily dose of Moniker to start the day well!
March Weather!
Not to rain on your parade, but Mr. Blue Sky says it ain't good!
Fashion!
Roxx at it once more, to turn you into a sharp dressed individual!
Gig Recaps!
Wondering how your chooms are holding up? Peek inside!
MILITECH MAYHEM!
THE CORP CAN'T CATCH A BREAK
GOOD JOB, RUNNERS!

The Augmented Optic

NCPD on the backstep, cops more trigger happy than ever

After NCPD releases a statement on their "crime regulation" policy, precincts become execution grounds

'Sup chooms. I'm sure y'all have heard about the recent NCPD statement? Fucking hell they've gone overboard with the punishments!

I swear to the lord you wake up in the middle of Kabuki without your pants and they are one more public exposure charge of sending Tac against you!

Well, NCPD apparently learned (or maybe Max Tac simply got too tired) and a few changes are being placed, apparently only your worst instance of crime is being taken into the database, so for all my choombas who had just a little too much Em' City, don't worry, you can party like a stromer on lace every night, and PD will have shit all to do, other than maybe evict you.

Well, to be fair chooms, there is some stuff they can do, some fucking dark stuff. Recently, the more hardened criminals, who until now had been kept in the precinct for basically forever, you know free meals and home from our eurobucks, have been reported 'missing'.

Suddenly vanished from their cells, and we all know what missing means for the NCPD. If you killed a few civvies on your gigs, make sure the boys in blue don't get you.

On the other hand, with regulations at an all-time high, Fixers around the city have a new coin of trade, scratch my back, I scratch yours. You do some work, they make sure some papers get lost, or that medias have good deeds of yours to put down, suddenly Psycho Killer gets replaced by Cute Cat-Rescuer.

Heat Changes

- Heat no longer stacks. Only your highest single Heat is applicable in most situations.

- Characters who go to jail with 7+ heat will never be released.

- "Putting out feelers" can be done to try and improve your standing with the offended faction, or law enforcement. Difficult jobs that are done as favors for that faction and likely offer no pay. A requested gig would resolve 1 heat; check with GM Department.

The Augmented Optic

Reflecting at the wrong end of a gun

With how common gunfire has become in our times, how long will it take until we take bombs as a common occurrence?

Look at your arms, now your legs.
Do you still not see weapons of massacre?
Then look in your carryall, my intuition says that within it, **several different weapons are stored.**

Have we advanced, as a race, at all?
Are we really past our primal urges?
I took a walk around **Santo Domingo** the other day, couldn't even shift my eyes without seeing the products of our individual-centered society.

There's barely kinship anymore, wherever you go, you are packing heat. I sometimes wonder, why do I carry a gun when I go to my mom's house?
Am I really that worried that someone will try to jump me in the middle of a green zone?
Or am I worried that my **mom would point at me with a shotgun** and tell me to **transfer all my money**, because **she can't afford her prosthetic leg's functionality** for this month?

I bounce these questions around my head over and over, like that DVD logo from the old times, waiting for it to bounce on the corner and to suddenly realize the 'Why' of all of this. It's yet to go there.

I'm all for self-defense. Especially now that NCPD forsakes us to take care of higher interests, sometimes I don't know if NC has gotten any better or we are simply too many living here to realize half of us die every day. Body lotto may back me up there.
But I'm not for what it's done for your average person. I don't kill people for a living, shit, I don't even do this for a living, I repair cars.

Every single car that comes into my shop is either riddled with bullet holes and with one or two corpses inside or has two rocket launchers on each side. Sometimes both. **Most times both.**

What I'm going at is, **where do we exactly stop?**
It all started with **everyone being able to carry handguns**, discrete, concealable, but still deadly. Those were the times when you couldn't put Kevlar in your underwear. Deadly.

Then, **Kevlar became a thing**, and those in the business of dropping corpses **had to switch to heavier gear**.

In-Comes the era of the Blade, and of the Shoulder Arm.

People would wound up death in the worst ways possible, half their body blown to bits via shotgun blast, or still breathing, but not for long, after some laced up psycho grabbed the nearest axe and started hacking at them. Armorjack became the norm, and you aren't going to kill anyone with Armorjack with just one bullet, once more, the market of shedding blood was miffed.

Rockets, grenades.

That's where we stand at, alongside a revolution of the Blade era, given Mantis Blades and Monowires amount to half the cyberware population. What comes next?
Everyone starts rocking Dragoons and we have to bring out ACPAs when someone puts a hit on Joe the Hobo?
I am afraid there's no solution, that we are never gonna change.
That we've gone too far, and that there's no coming back.

NIGHT CITY TODAY NEWS

NIGHT CITY WEATHER FORECAST

March of 2070

By Mr. Blue Sky

Good morning Night City!

Another month, another set of forecasts. This time we got the "fuckem raimy" (as described by one of our spectators) month of March! Not much to say this time chooms, check if your megabuildings have any leaks because we have water by the buckets.

Other than that, Bio-T has noticed us that they have "accidentally" lost "Confidential Cargo" in the Badlands, and that, according to current forecast, we'll be getting radioactive winds by the 14th. Also, according to this, no resident is allowed to sue for harm or death according to the clause 96 of this year's Corporate Revisions, due to "air" or as Bio-T has called it "BioAir" becoming a "Donation, with terms and conditions, to the community" rather than a right.

And thanks to said Radiation, the electrical grid system is expecting malfunctions and, just in case, the Mayor's office has decided to do a city-wide electrical shutdown for the 15th, and another one for the 28th, to ensure the grid is working correctly.

Well folks, short one this time, Until next month!

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain
2 50°F | 10°C Cool, Heavy Rain	3 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain	4 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain	5 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain	6 50°F | 10°C Cool, Heavy Rain	7 50°F | 10°C Cool, Heavy Rain	8 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain
9 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain	10 50°F | 10°C Cool, Heavy Rain	11 50°F | 10°C Cool, Heavy Rain	12 50°F | 10°C Cool, Heavy Rain	13 50°F | 10°C Cool, Heavy Rain	14 50°F | 10°C Cool, Rad. Windstorm	15 40°F | 4°C Cold, Blackout
16 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain	17 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain	18 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain	19 50°F | 10°C Cool, Heavy Rain	20 40°F | 4°C Cold, Heavy Rain	21 40°F | 4°C Cold, Heavy Rain	22 40°F | 4°C Cold, Heavy Rain
23 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain	24 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain	25 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain	26 50°F | 10°C Cool, Light Rain	27 50°F | 10°C Cool, Heavy Rain	28 40°F | 4°C Cold, Blackout	29 50°F | 10°C Cool, Heavy Rain
30 50°F | 10°C Cool, Heavy Rain	31 40°F | 4°C Cool, Heavy Rain					

NIGHT CITY TODAY NEWS

Night City Fashion

Because "Slay" can mean two things at once

March 2070

By Roxxane Moxxane

Gooooooooooooooooooooooood Morning Night City!

How are you sweeties? Life been treating you well? Aw, come here and tell momma Roxx all about your issues.

But first! Before you fill my lap with tears, I don't want people who dress like bums near me! So, let's get you some better clothes, shall we? But not any clothes!

See, this month we are seeing **a buuuuuunch of Militech officers pulling up** and, honestly? They can get it on. And DO quote me on that darling, I've been with many-a suit, and only Militech have that extra sparkle on them that drives me on the edge of psychosis. So! If you wanna be cool? **Put on your best suit and tell your barber to give you that corpo fade, because that's what's on this month sweetheart.**

But of course, given that these officers aren't here just to make my eyes water with their beauty, they are here to hunt some ne'er do-wells, well, let's say that suddenly everyone's itching to wear the same clothing as 80% of this city, so **there's been a resurgence of Urban Flash**, enough to make sure most stores have run out of stock! So, y'know, if you don't want to be caught doing crime, wear some UF, or, if you wanna look good for your output/input but don't wanna splurge on a suit, well, Flash is the cheaper alternative, although Roxx prefers a well-dressed man...

Anywho! That's been your Fashion Report by Roxx with the Moxx, so, now tell me what's been going on...

Oh. That's fucked up.

Kidding! Kidding! See you next month sweeties!

This Month's Fashion!

February's fashion of the month will be Businesswear and Urban Flash. If you're wearing at least one piece from either or both fashions, you gain a +2 to Wardrobe & Style! **If you have at least 3 pieces of High Fashion you're wearing, you're always in fashion no matter the monthly fashion.**

THE BODY LOTTERY

"Your loss is someone else's jackpot"

Kaminoikari

2048-2070

FIRST BLOOD

Akihiko life **was not cut short in the in the ring of honor** but in the streets of Night City. It was cut short by hate, the hate that resides within Night City. By people who use hate as a deterrent to oppress the Japanese community that call Night City home.

In the end hate will fail, the Rising Sun will not stop rising. The Rising Sun will not stop in Japan, the Rising Sun will not stop in the Pacific, and undoubtedly the Rising Sun will not stop at the shores of Night City.

GOSSIP | OPINION | WEATHER & HAZARDS | TECH | LIFESTYLES | ENTERTAINMENT | BUSINESS | WORLD NEWS

THE BODY LOTTERY

"Put your money where your dead relatives are"

Vincent "Vinny" Valet

2047 – 2070

Deliverator, Cutest pizza boy in Santo Domingo, Cocaine Cowboy.

A time traveler from a near future long ago. Vinny wasn't in Night City long, he always went a thousand miles per hour, rode right past the towers on the rainbow road to Valhalla.

Cautionary tale about humility? Cosmic justice? Just another brick in the columbarium.

We're all Vincible

NIGHT CITY TODAY NEWS

Banger in Sight!
A Sneak Peek of Steel Blood

March of 2070
By Blockbuster Jones

Three rogue medtechs.
One ruthless gang.
No scalpel can save them now.

In the neon-drenched chaos of Night City, Rusty Kade, Alloy Vance, and Pyro Vega aren't your average street docs—they're combat medics with a body count. When a job leads them into the heart of the deadly Steel Scorpions gang, they'll have to trade syringes for shotguns in a brutal fight for survival.

🩹 Patch 'em up or put 'em down. 💀

This is the pitch for the newest film directed by the same studio that directed public acclaimed films such as Chrome Killers and Neon Requiem, Steel Blood: Night City Reckoning promises to one up all their previous features, while following the same line as the other movies that made them famous. Meaning that spectators can expect a high-octane cyberpunk thriller packed with explosive action, deadly intrigue, and the kind of back-alley betrayals that make Night City infamous.

With stars such as Jace "Chrome" Holloway, Ronan Vex, Kai Sato, a synthwave soundtrack that, rumors say, the very Eurodyne helped with, Steel Blood has a stacked cast that promise to leave explosions burned into your Kiroshis, enough spicy scenes to make sure your Mr. Studds don't explode suddenly due to lack of release.

Amidst the anticipation of the premiere, apparently an individual is currently suing the studio for, quote "FUCKING STEALING MY SHIT". Nevertheless, it seems like this act will amount to nothing, according to studio sources.

This article is the direct result of a gig.
Title: Street Cred Spotlight
Difficulty: Easy
Players: 3
Payout: 500 ebs; 40 IP

Max "Spin" Castellano was a washed-up Manager for a couple of B-List celebrities. It was his most successful client that got fired publicly live on NC54. He decided to become a fixer and use his old Hollywood clients to secure unique gigs. He currently runs his fixer gigs out of the back office of an arcade. The gig involved was him wanting some edgerunners to video hunt down and take out some no-name Booster Gangers called "The Steel Scorpions", who were knocking up stores in Pacifica.

The runners went to Pacifica and hit up a Bodega that the Steel Scorpions frequented. Ran into one of their members who snitched under threat of being shot in the head. They were using a ramen shop, Tom's Ramen, as their base holding Tom hostage. Max was called and showed up with a second camera, the runners said some cool lines, and combat commenced.
One of the players, Dusty, loaned Max his Militech Sheriff, and fired at one of the explosive barrels the Steel Scorpions were using to make homebrew bomb.
4 Steel Scorpions were killed, and the remaining two were offered mercy, at the cost of joining any other gang, and never crossing paths with the runners again.

After editing the videos Max put it out, when it was taken by a studio who then made a version of it, changing the names and plot just enough to not have to pay the runners and Max.

Gig completed.

The Augmented Optic

XBD star dead, neuro of his death tops black site charts for a week!

A well-known XBD actor has died, news reaching degenerate fans in the most poetic way possible

Chooms, today I'm wearing my all-black attire, same shit I wore when my grandma died, 'cuz today, today we lost a **REAL** one. Well not today, this happened like two fucking weeks ago but unlike some losers I happen to have a fucking life and don't spend all my time in my room jacking off to people being dismembered, then writing angry comments online.

Yeah, I'm talking to you Darksword77.

Anyways, let's stop talking 'bout me and 'bout the dude with the small wiener to talk about MONSTER, I'm sure y'all were preeetty familiar with MONSTER, he had some of the best shit you can get in the market, and at a pretty low fucking price. Every XBD virgin had their moral cherry popped by a MONSTER BD, unless you are from the Samurai days, I guess.

Now, for the fellas living under a rock, or who had their neighborhood blocked by Maelstromers looking to make some ebs with an illegal toll, **MONSTER** is as dead as they go. Yup, the protagonist of **'Blades and Babes'**, **'Red Riding Rampage'** and the absolute classic **'uneditedhellraid.bd'**, which, for you raw fans out there, if you haven't watched it, you've lost any and all respect you fuckin' had, well, the protagonist of all those braindances has died, but left us with one last hoorah. And, psychos, you all know what that hoorah is, his gruesome death was recorded in another XBD, labeled 'The Monstrous Claw'. We have contacted as many people as possible, but no one knows who recorded it, or who's the protagonist, but we tell you, it's already a classic.

For all of you looking for it, just about any distributor has it. Give it a watch, it's what **MONSTER** would've wanted.

This article is the direct result of a gig.

Title: The Monstrous Claw
Difficulty: Typical
Players: 4
Payout: 1200 ebs ; 60 IP

The party was contacted by an individual going by the name of Mr. F, who asked them to flatline a certain individual known in the XBD world as MONSTER.

The deets? There was a gathering for XBD fans somewhere within Heywood, in a place where the sun (literally) doesn't shine, The Dark Zone. If MONSTER was to be found anywhere, it was there.

The team arrives, and manages to pass as XBD Fans, eventually striking up a small chat with two other people there. When one of the scary looking people in that area started saying something about a "Ritual", and grabbed a girl the group was chatting with, one of the Edgerunners stood up for her, and told the individual why they were there, surprisingly, the Edgerunner managed to look confident enough, and struck a deal with the individual, who identified himself as Namahage.

The deal? Find out why one of their 'Meat Houses' has stopped delivering 'Meat', in exchange, Namahage assured them, MONSTER would die. As the Runners arrive, it turns out 'The Meat' has taken over the place. Now, they had to die.

Their task complete, the runners return, their part completed, Namahage summons MONSTER, takes him to a nearby morgue, and ties him to one of the tables, getting ready to record.

Gig completed.

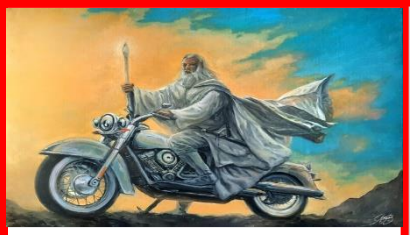
You love 'em? We take care of 'em!

Old Man Willy's House for the Old and Retired has everything your old fellows need to feel at home.

Located Deep within the Northside Industrial District, there's no place better to leave your Grandpa or Grandma!

Our 24/7 team ensures they will have every care they may need, only for a small sum per month! So come on over to Old Man Willy's, and let them rest in peace.

Attention, Old Man Willy does not make himself responsible for: Death, Dismemberment, Traumatic Episodes, Diseases not yet discovered, Missing Pieces of Cyberware, and Symptoms of Cyberpsychosis that the Elderly may or may not show upon extraction from Old Man Willy's House for the Old and Retired.



Night City streets got your bike's tires all smooth as if they got a bikini wax?
Come to **Rings of Rubber** and check out our amazing deals.
Buy one, *get two*, **pay for three**!

Not only those pesky netrunners get to feel your own brain leaking outta an ear!

Come to **Boogie Woogie's Emporium** and get your grubby hands on a few doses of Bio-T Brain Busters!

All the sensations, none of the drawback, and if you don't like it, no refunds! Unless you take payments in bullets to the head!

Grab your drugs now! All the cool punks are busting their brains!

Morning with Moniker!

Mondays to Fridays
on **88.9 EZ Street**
"Tune in or Fuck off"
-Moniker

NEED SOMEONE GONE?

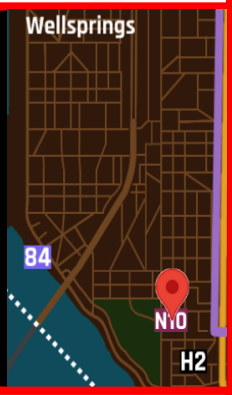
THEN YOU NEED MY SERVICES.

TYPE "KATANA" IN THE CORRECT PLACES.

Find solace, lost Lamb, for under God's watchful gaze, all are equal.
Those who walk the earth with their body given,
and those who walk with the advancements the knowledge His will gave us brought forth.
Those who see in themselves the Lord,
and those who see in their reflection what the free will He gave us turned them into.

For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son,
so that everyone who believes in him might not perish but might have eternal life.

The **Exotic Alliance Church** welcomes you.



We warn you!

We are not the only ones.
They are coming.
We investigate extraterrestrial evidence, artefacts or tips regarding Extraterrestrial Entities, Reptilian Politicians, New Free Mason Followers and Disappearances.
We are not alone,
but we are together.

DO THIS CITY A FAVOR. KILL AN EXOTIC.
CLAIM YOUR REWARD WITH **JAGGED**.

You need guns? Firepower? That extra bang for your buck? Buy from **El Crudo!** Superchrome Plated or go home!

Gorilla Update:

We are going to the fucking moon.
Ape up today

Mornin' with Moniker at 88.9 EZ Street

A transcription of Moniker's morning radio show

"Rise and shine, assholes**! Moniker here as I often am**. In the studio to enjoy how the first rays of the morning sun somehow slip between a dozen buildings an through a set of crooked ass blinds that definitely weren't installed by the lowest bidder directly into my damn eyes if I'm sitting in front of the mic."

Moniker presses a few buttons on a soundboard, seemingly at random. "This is new. Nothing gives a host an aire of informed professionalism like 4 unique fart noises. I'm sure the day staff will be going to this thing to lend their monologues some much needed gravitas." *The mic is silent as Moniker swaps the labels on a few of the buttons.*

"Enough about them, though! We're here to talk about me, right? That's fun. Maybe talk about you if there's some edge time. How about US? You and I together in concert, what's new?"

"Well **Valentines Day is around the corner**. All you unfuckable types who just groaned should probably start fucking each other and save the rest of us the sound of your whining this year as the ultimate gift." *The speaker laughs and the sounds of a lighter can be heard.*

"I don't know about you but I'm already two cigarettes deep to my Thursday. **NUSA been shaking things up pretty hard these day**s and it's been a great few months for 'The Middlemen'. If you know you know and if you know then you should be aware that one of these Day Planner capitalist types is pushing jobs for the Yakuza."

"I know! **The fuckin' Yakuza**. The bad guys from that series of arcade games down on Jig Jig, ah, shit... Ramen Rage, right? There's like 8 of those fuckin games with the same 4 characters. Always kind of thought the name might be socially insensitive but hell they keep em comin so people must be paying. I literally didn't know that the Yakuza was more than a storybook villain until **this Lotus character started selling work for them**."

"**That's the same Lotus you may have read about from this month's Neon Sunset.** You should pick it up and give it a read. They don't pay me... but they could! Don't be greedy, send me some of those eddies dammit."

"**Lotus is also hosting this Month's Night Market** which seems like a weird thing to promote. It's gotta be the most publicized black market in recent history and I'm sure nobody will use it as an opportunity to zero out some outstanding warrants."

"Maybe I'm warning you. Maybe I'm trying to set you up. Both? If you're working, they're paying. Allegedly. Enough about made up sounding villainous patrons with deep pockets. Here's some music! I gotta get outta here before Eddie defeats his blackout and decides to show up to work."

"As usual, rise and grind or get left behind. Later losers!"

Two farts and a rubber chicken noise precede the first song on an explicit playlist

NIGHT CITY TODAY NEWS

Militech accuses rival corporations of espionage

March of 2070
By Zheng Xiaodan

After a week filled with crossed accusations, **Militech** suddenly became the center of attention after they released a statement accusing corporations such as **Arasaka** of **corporate espionage**, quote:

"[...] sending third-party contractors our way to fulfill objectives and extract as much data as possible from us."

These accusations come after a statement by **Col. John Dee**, affirming that an **individual had hacked Militech systems** to steal sensible data. The Colonel says that the individual was **properly dealt with "the usual way"**, and that any further transgressions **"will be met with even harsher repercussions".**

Militech coming with such aggressive statements has worried **NUSA officials**, since, with the flames of the Unification Wars still raging on, these words have been deemed as **"reckless"**, although some members of the government maintain **that these acts must be exposed**, so that the warring factions understand "**What is going on, and what are the repercussions of their greed-driven actions".**

In that regard, several **corpses of Netrunners** have been found within apartments, and **Militech takes the credit** for it, stating that their netarchs are more reinforced than ever, and that they are not afraid to **come down with their full strength** if attempts to disrupt said systems continue.

Rumors say that factions within the city, such as the **Voodoo Boys,** have taken these words as a **challenge** rather than a warning, resulting in small-scale conflicts within Pacifica being sighted, with eyewitnesses confirming the presence of Militech vehicles within the Combat Zone.

This article is the direct result of a gig.
Title: Renegade
Difficulty: Easy
Players: 4
Payout: 600 ebs ; 40 IP

The group was contacted by Col. John Dee to talk to the police, get them to release a 6th St. Ganger named "David Kohler", and expunge his record.

While performing the job, one of the runners tried to blackmail the fixer with the information they had uncovered from a NetArch belonging to Militech.

The Colonel locked the door, and cuffed the runner, detained for Corporate Espionage.

After a thorough investigation, which discovered the presence of a rogue Netrunner within the NetArch, and a hot minute of deliberation, the 2 eurodollar solution was suggested, and approved.

1 eb for a bullet, to put the runner down.

1 eb for another shot, just to make sure.

Another runner still had a copy of the data, which they promptly buried in the middle of the Badlands, to be forever forgotten.

NCT NIGHT CITY TODAY NEWS

Tensions spark amidst Corporate Ripperdoc scandal

March of 2070
By Zheng Xiaodan

Steven Hook, a member of the **PRA** (Professional Ripperdoc Association), a **low-cost Trauma Team subsidiary**, has been **found guilty of Malpractice** during an important trial, crucial in the current standing of the PRA.

José Quinteros, a Petrochem executive, went to Hook's clinic to **adjust his Cyberarm**, as it had been malfunctioning for the past three weeks, after a scan, Hook determined that the malfunction had to do with faulty connections to the nervous system within his Neuroport, and that Quinteros would need to undergo surgery. During the procedure, **Hook confesses to have noticed a small spark**, but the scans returned no errors, thus he figured it may have been a small fault of non-vital components, after double-checking that all systems were nominal, **Hook finished the procedure**, and Quinteros was released.

This small incident was not mentioned to Jose Quinteros, and two weeks later, during a conference in Oslo, **he dropped to the floor and started convulsing**, after which his eyes started to spark, until he stopped moving completely, being **pronounced dead at 10 PM**, after his Biomonitor stopped giving any signals.

The trial is surrounded by accusations, as Trauma Team alleges that Jose Quinteros had gone to one of REO Meatwagon's many On-the-Go Hospitals, facilities known for their quick dispatch of several procedures, one week prior, where his Neuroport was fine tuned for additional implantations.
Trauma Team, in a public statement, has outright accused REO Meatwagon of implanting a failsafe within the Neuroport that only Meatwagon employers knew how to work around.

The installation without warning of such devices is barred per Article 12 of the Corporate-Medical agreement. Meatwagon labeled such accusations as Defamation, and, without evidence to show, the PRA has been unable to turn the trial around.

With the verdict on Hook, who was the spokesperson for the PRA, the Association has declared itself as dissolved, as the individual Ripperdocs, members of the PRA, feel this is a taint that cannot be worked around. Trauma Team is yet to release any statements, or to even acknowledge the verdict.

The Augmented Optic

Militech Convoy raided in broad daylight

A convoy going from the NID to Pacifica has been raided in the middle of the day, sowing chaos in the corp

Fellas, what's the number one rule of crime?
Leave no witnesses, leave no evidence, green zones no-go.
Well, it seems some new to the fucking game gonks have just made our lives harder. Yesterday **a convoy was raided** in the middle of the **City Center**, and in the **middle of the fucking day**. Oh, and not only just that, **but they also almost got fully ID'd**

Fucking amateurs.

I'm sure you all aware of the fried netrunners shitshow Militech is pulling? Well now it's also fried solos, as they are undergoing a renovation of equipment in all their security contractors and officers, its almost impossible to get a hit off on the corp.

My suggestion?

Steer away from any jobs that say, "do [blank] to Militech", because right now they **are suicide runs**. So far Militech was one of those "fair game" corps, because since they have most of their resources spread thin thanks to the Metal Wars, their security was kinda shit and if we kept it on the down low there was no reason to reinforce.

Well, unfortunately someone just gave them one.
Every single officer aboard the convoy, shot in the head, and a hit pulled by just three people, again, middle of the City Center.

I've seen **armament trucks** pulling up to the city non-stop and on the one hand, my fixers have been able to get more preem gear, but on the other, **everyone's rocking Dragons now**, so running has gotten way harder.

So, yeah, **pick up knitting or something**, because if you want to live, it's **gonna be a slow month.**

This article is the direct result of a gig.
Title: Breaching a Truck
Difficulty: Typical
Players: 3
Payout: 1200 ebs ; 60 IP

Edgerunners got tasked with raiding a Militech convoy transporting supplies that was going to make its way from Northside Waterfront to Pacifica.

The truck was meant to be enforced via reinforcements however a small ride from across the bridge to a meeting point was necessary, the runners used this dead moment to strike.

The Runners managed to pull the hit spectacularly but got several pieces of their identity spotted.
Two of them got their clothing identified, drawing heat towards them.

A 2nd hand recount from a clerk managed to spot the third member of this assault, a green man wearing an oddly shaped carryall, who, due to the specificity of their appearance, was even easier to track and pin.

However, their identities were not caught on camera, and only are 2nd hand accounting, which didn't hold enough weight to warrant a full investigation.

LIKE WHAT YOU SEE?

THE NEON SUNSET

WANNA HELP?

Seems like my message finally got to ya, punk. I'll be cut and dry with you, we're fuckin' losing. And I'm not talking about no freedom war, corpo beef or any bullshit like that, I'm talkin' 'bout the war on information. Whenever you expose the truth, five new lies arise to kill people's neurons. Hell, I managed to bypass the Screamsheet editor today, and I think there's a Solo outside my door, and he ain't lookin' for bodyguard work.

This City needs you, it needs to hear your voice, whatever the fuck you wanna say, go ahead and fucking say it. I've left ya a file with some contacts for you to call, tell 'em your truth, and they'll do the rest.

As for me? Heh, we'll call this new blood replacing the old. Good luck, I know you are gonna go far.

==========USER=OFFLINE==========

The Neon Sunset is a community effort, it is only possible through the combined forces of GMs and Players of Neon Red, to make our Living Community more, well, alive. Without your help, we won't have any news to report, and every month will start feeling the same after the Editors burn all their creativity juices.

Everything counts, long, short, bite-sized, the important part is that you are willing to help us.

Thus, if you are a Player, or GM, and feel there's something you want to put in the Sunset for everyone to see, contact the Editors!

Keep shouting, keep writing, keep fighting, punk.

March Weather,
by Adrian

But I hear you asking, random Discord user that found this PDF without any context...

What the fuck is Neon Red?

Neon Red is a Living Community for Cyberpunk RED, which, in January of 2025, underwent a Reset to adapt the Edgerunners Mission Kit to the server. We are currently in a golden age for new players, as the server is brimming with new characters to meet, new fixers to work under, and new threats to be discovered.

The best part?

Due to the nature of Living Communities, Neon Red does not ask much commitment from its players, games are made to be picked up, played, and then we might never see you again if you didn't like it. No scheduling issues, no bad blood, pick a game that fits your schedule and start playing immediately!

If you are willing to give our community a try, then hop on in, we are missing a vital piece, and that piece is you.

Join Here! → discord.gg/neonred

SPECIAL THANKS TO WISCONSIN TAXPAYERS FOR FUNDING OUR ADOBE SOFTWARE!